LETTERS

Writen by

Mrs. *MANLEY.*

To which is Added

A LETTER from a Supposed NUN in *Portugal*, to a GENTLEMAN in *France*, in Imitation of the Nun's Five LETTERS in Print, by Colonel *Pack*.

LONDON,

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MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

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TO THE

Incomparably Excellent

Mrs. DELARIVIER MANLEY.

MADAM,

FOnd of the *Vanity of having your Ladyship's Friendship*, I cannot rest easie with the vast Blessing, unless the World know me favour'd by a Person so extraordinary: And whilst the Town is big to see what a Genius so proportionate can produce, whilst Sir Thomas Skipwith and Mr. Betterton are eagerly contending, who shall first bring you upon the Stage,

and which ſhall be moſt applauded, your Tragick or Comick Strain, I cou'd not refuſe the Vanity (my Soul whiſper'd to me) of ſtealing you from the expecting Rivals, and dexterouſly throw you firſt into the World, as one that honour'd me with your Friendſhip before you thought of theirs. Doubtleſs, you will ſpeak me a vain-glorious Raſcal, and unworthy of that Eſteem I betray. Perhaps you may moſt juſtly object, Theſe Letters which I expoſe, were not proper for the Publick; the Droppings of your Pen, fatigu'd with Thought and Travel. But let them who are of that Opinion imagine what Eaſe and Leiſure cou'd produce, when they find themſelves (as they neceſſarily muſt) ſo well entertain'd by theſe.

Dedicatory.

That Honour, Esteem and Friend-ship I had for Sir Roger Manley, *(who has left a kind of Immortality behind him, in his Books, his Memory, and his extraordinary Daughter:) That old and true Kindness, which grew up with you, and made me with Veneration and Wonder heedfully observe what others neglected as Childish, I confess, has most warmly oppos'd your Design of Writing Plays; and more, that of Making them Publick. I wou'd have had a happy Nature, such as yours, taken up with more Sublime and Elevated Thoughts; and Time better spent, than in such Trifles. But since I cou'd but combat (not overcome) your Desires, my Friend-ship engages me to serve what I cannot approve; and I have thought*

this

this one Way, by giving the Town a true Taſte of your Thoughts and Senſe; I ſay, a true Taſte; for here you cannot but be ſuppos'd to ſpeak for your ſelf.

Shou'd I follow the Buſineſs of all Dedications, which is Encomium, *mine muſt be as boundleſs as the Theme: I ſhou'd tell the World, how ſeparate you are from all the Weakneſs of your Sex; what a Nobleneſs and Generoſity of Temper is yours; how diſtant from the Shadow of Intereſt, or mean Deſign: How have I heard you (compaſſionately) regretting the Miſeries of others, and never your own, but when they prevented your exalted Charity to them!*

And now let us deſcant a little upon the Injuſtice of Fortune, that

has

has not (with Nature) made you her choicest Favourite. Why did she not place you in a Station as exalted as your Merit? Why thrown your Chance in the Country, who might have adorn'd a Court, and taught a Nation? Herein all cannot but commend you, suiting your Inclinations to her Caprice; and by withdrawing from the Possibility of tempting others, put it beyond your own of being tempted.

Now, Madam, 'tis time to ask your Pardon for venturing to make any thing of yours publick, without your Leave: 'Twas what I knew I shou'd never procure, and therefore have presum'd upon that Sweetness of Temper, which never shews you vindictive against an Enemy; most obliging to your Friends, and happily

pity calm to your self. Years of Friendship, and Veneration can plead mine no Design of exposing you; nor can my Life be safe when it has lost the Relish of being esteem'd.

Your Foremost Admirer, and

Most Devoted, Humble

And Obedient Servant,

H. H.

Letter I.

Egham, June 24. 1694.

I Am got (as they tell me) ſixteen Miles from you and *London*; but I can't help fancying 'tis ſo many Degrees. Tho' Midſummer to all beſides, in my Breaſt there's nothing but frozen Imaginations. The Reſolutions I have taken of quitting *London* (which is as much as to ſay, the World) for ever, ſtarts back, and asks my gayer Part if 't has well weigh'd the Senſe of *Ever*? Not does your Letter, which I receiv'd this Morning, (taking

Coach) leſs influence me, than when I firſt form'd the Deſign. You ſhou'd have us'd but half theſe Arguments, and they had undoubtedly prevail'd: 'Tis of the lateſt now to ask me why I leave the crowded Market, and retire to ſtarve alone in Solitude? Whereas you quote the Poet,

All your Beauty no more Light will have
Than a Sun-Dial in a Grave.

I am too much afraid Sloth and Sadneſs are going to be my Eternal Companions; and you know my Soul's unfitted for ſuch Gueſts, till upon the Road to Execution: I fancy'd Dying to

the World; *Horace*, *Cowley*, all those Illustrious Lovers of Solitude, debauch'd my Opinion, against my Reason! I took Coach with Mr. *Granvill*'s Words in my Mouth,

Place me, Ye Gods, in some obscure Retreat:
Oh! keep me innocent: Make others Great:
In quiet Shades, content with Rural Sports,
Give me a Life, remote from guilty Courts:
Where free from Hopes and Fears, at humble Ease,
Unheard of, I may live and die in Peace.

Yet you see how great a Change two Hours has produced: All

my Conſtancy is not Proof a-
gainſt the Thoughts I am go-
ing to have no Lover but my-
ſelf for ever. The green invi-
ting Graſs (upon which I pro-
miſed to paſs many pleaſing ſo-
litary Hours) ſeems not at all
entertaining: The Trees, with
all their blooming, ſpreading
Beauties, appear the worſt ſort
of Canopy; becauſe, where I
am going, they can offer their
Shade to none but ſolitary me.
But 'tis not reaſonable my Dul-
neſs ſhou'd extend to you, who
have every thing in your Na-
ture juſt and pleaſing. You
ask'd, and I eagerly engag'd
(becauſe you deſir'd) to give
an Account of my ſelf and Tra-
vels, every Stage. I have not
forgot

forgot (which I told you) 'Twas too often how you answer'd, Not for a Mind so fruitful as mine in Variety of Inconstant Thoughts. You find at present, they run all upon melancholy Apprehensions, which have so wholly possess'd me, I have not had time to observe my wretched Fellow-Travellers, only a pert Sir in the Company, that will make himself be taken notice of by his Dulness. They most unmercifully set us to Dinner at Ten-a-Clock, upon a great Leg of Mutton. 'Tis the Custom of these Dining Stages, to prepare one Day Beef, and another our present Fare; 'tis ready against the Coach comes: And tho' you shou'd have a

my Conſtancy is not Proof againſt the Thoughts, I am going to have no Lover but my ſelf for ever. The green inviting Graſs (upon which I promiſed to paſs many pleaſing ſolitary Hours) ſeems not at all entertaining: The Trees, with all their blooming, ſpreading Beauties, appear the worſt ſort of Canopy; becauſe, where I am going, they can offer their Shade to none but ſolitary me. But 'tis not reaſonable my Dulneſs ſhou'd extend to you, who have every thing in your Nature juſt and pleaſing. You ask'd, and I eagerly engag'd (becauſe you deſir'd) to give an Account of my ſelf and Travels, every Stage. I have not

forgot (which I told you) 'Twas too often, how you answer'd, Not for a Mind so fruitful as mine in Variety of Inconstant Thoughts. You find at present, they run all upon melancholy Apprehensions, which have so wholly possess'd me, I have not had time to observe my wretched Fellow-Travellers, only a pert Sir in the Company, that will make himself be taken notice of by his Dulness. They most unmercifully set us to Dinner at Ten-a-Clock, upon a great Leg of Mutton. 'Tis the Custom of these Dining Stages, to prepare one Day Beef, and another our present Fare; 'tis ready against the Coach comes: And tho' you shou'd have a

perfect Antipathy, there's no Remedy but Fasting: The Coachman begs your Pardon; he'd not stay dressing a Dinner for the King, (God bless him) shou'd he travel in his Coach. I have left the Limb of the Sheep to the Mercy of my Companions, (whose Stomachs are thus early prepar'd for any Digestion) to tell you, with what unfeigned Respect I shall be ever

Your True

Faithful Servant,

Dela. Manley.

Let-

Letter II.

I Am got ſafe to *Hartley-Row*, and in a little better Humour than when I writ my laſt. Our Landlord is a perfect Beaux, and moſt exquiſitely performs the Honours of his Houſe. I am in pain for his Aſſiduity: I can't fetch a Step, no not to the Window, from the Table, *&c.* but he is Squiring me; and ſo dreſs'd, and ſo conceited, that nothing but Serving a looſe Apprenticeſhip, cou'd have ſet him up a Maſter in the Trade of Foppery. He was a Goldſmith's Apprentice, where he ſtudied more his Pleaſures, than Profit. This Houſe

fell to him, and he wiſely reſolv'd to keep it himſelf, with the Help of his Siſter, who is a neat, houſwifely, obliging ſort of Woman. I ſuppoſe 'tis, by much, the beſt Entertainment this Road affords. They have a tollerable Cook; and I was glad to find ſomething I cou'd eat at Three-a-Clock, for we came in here at Two, and I can give you a little better Account of my Fellow-Travellers. The *Sir* I ſpoke of is a Baronet's Son, as he has carefully given me to underſtand: I take it for granted, he likes me; and wou'd have me do the ſame by him. As he came in he put off his Travelling Suit, for a Coat and Veſt, deſign'd to dazzle the Curate

rate and all his Congregation. The Way I took to mortifie his Foppery, was, not to ſpeak a Word of the Change; which made him extream uneaſie: At length, out of all Patience, he deſired my Opinion, If his Taylor had uſed him well? What the Brocade was worth a Yard? How many Ounces of Silver-Fringe? And recommended to my Curioſity the exquiſite Workmanſhip of the Loops; and then gave me the Sum Total of his Coſt. I anſwer'd him, That Finery was loſt upon me; I neither was, nor pretended to be a Judge. He pertly anſwer'd, He perceiv'd by my Sullenneſs, that I had a great deal of Wit; though I underſtood he had but

little

little by his Remark.— Well, all this did not do: He 'wou'd fain have had me enquir'd into his Family, Intrigues, and Fortune; which when he perceiv'd I had no Curioſity for, *'Faith, Madam,* ſaid he, *I beg your Ladyſhip's Opinion, if I am not the moſt unfortunate Man breathing: I'll tell you a moſt mortifying Adventure — Nay, you muſt hear me— I vow, this Indifferency does not look natural to you; your eyes promiſe us much more Fire.* I'll ſhut 'em, thought I, for ever, rather than ſuch a Fop ſhall find any thing to like them for— *What! no Anſwer, Madam,* ſaid he; *I perceive your Attention by your Silence. Gad, I love a Perſon of your Breeding, that know themſelves better than*

than to interrupt a good Story. Perhaps Madam is not well with her Journey, answer'd Mrs. Mayoress of Tatness——*Alas! I wonder Riding in the Coach shou'd not have got you a better Stomach*—— *Poor Gentlewoman, she has scarce eat any thing. I'll recompence that by a Feast of the Mind*, answer'd my Fop. *How say you, Madam? Shall I begin the* Regalio?—— *I had as good consent*, quoth I: *With or without my Leave, I see you are resolv'd upon't. Well then, Madam*, said he, *since you are disposed to be delighted, I'll about it instantly.*

'It happen'd at *Oxford* three 'Months ago, (where I often 'came, my Father's Estate be-

'ing

'ing not far distant, I saw
'Lady, and fell in Love with
'her; Ay Gad, Madam, down-
'right in Love with her. She
'was a Person Gentilely bred,
'had seen the *Beaux Monde*,
'made the *Tour* of all the Places
'of Gallantry, shin'd in the
'Drawing-Room, languish'd in
'the Boxes, adorn'd the Park;
'in a Word, was all a Man of
'my Circumstances cou'd desire;
'in one he was resolv'd to make
'an Oblation of his Heart to.
'But as her Honour was my
'Care, and not Marrying my De-
'sign, I search'd for a dexterous
'Pretence to visit, and be happy.
'I took Mr. *Sly* with me, a Gen-
'tleman of the Town, who had
'a Wife: To give you the Cha-

'racter

'racter of my Friend, He was 'naturally amorous, had a hand-'ſom Perſon, and Strains of na-'tural Wit beyond whatever I 'ſaw in the moſt Acquir'd; and 'your Ladyſhip muſt allow me 'to be a Judge of Wit, by ſo 'dexterouſly finding out yours, 'Maugre your Silence. I bow'd for this extraordinary Compli-ment; and thought I cou'd not more agreeably return it, than by continuing my Silence; and, as the Poet has it, *left him to his dear Miſtake.* 'Mr. *Sly*, continued he, 'was to propoſe a Marriage be-'tween me and my Lady *Conqueſt*, 'to the old People, her Rela-'tions, whom ſhe was juſt come 'to live with: But as ſoon as he 'ſaw her, if I was her firſt *Ox-*

'*ford-*

'*ford*-Victim, he was certainly
'the ſecond; and, as I found,
'preſently took with her. She
'had a very fine Hand, which
'Mr. *Sly*, according to the
'Country-Liberty, kiſs'd; and
'then, with *Cleveland*, ſaid,

'*So ſoft, tis Air; but once remov'd,*
'*Tender, as 'twere a Jelly Glov'd.*

'She gave him a Look, which
'ſeem'd to ſay, ſhe wonder'd in
'that Place at ſuch a Piece of
'Gallantry; and then purſuing
'with her Wit the Victory of
'her Eyes, charm'd my Friend
'to that Degree, that he told
'me, he muſt enjoy her, or die.
'*Gad, Madam, was not this a very*
'*odd Turn? I carried him to ſpeak*

'*for*

'*for me*; *and he comes to make*
'*me the Confident of his Designs*?
'We agreed, tho' as Friends
'shou'd, to keep our mutual
'Confidence secret from her,
'and to endeavour each of us to
'make himself happy, and faith-
'fully to relate the Progress of
'our Amours. But because the
'Country is much given to Tat-
'ling, the Pretensions of Mar-
'riage went on. Lady *Conquest*
'was Airy and *Coquet*; lov'd
'Company and Gallantry, if
'they cou'd be purchas'd with
'Safety: But she knew so well
'how to manage every body,
'that none durst speak to her,
'more than she had a mind to
'hear. I was one of the aw'd
'Fools. *Gad! Wou'd you be-*

'*lieve*

'lieve, *Madam*, that *Love* cou'd
'make ſo great an Aſs of a Man
'of my *Underſtanding*? And yet
'twas not altogether that nei-
'ther, my Pride was concern'd;
'I was reſolv'd not to ſerve for
'her Diverſion, till I was ſure
'ſhe was conſenting to be mine;
'but cou'd no more keep out of
'her Company, than I cou'd
'hang my ſelf. I deſired her to
'walk: She conſented, with a
'Crony ſhe pick'd up, upon Con-
'dition I wou'd engage Mr. *Sly*
'of the Party. I was jealous,
'but to no purpoſe; either my
'Rival's Company, or not my
'Miſtreſs's. *Sly* pretended Fear
'of his Wife, that he durſt not
'appear in publick with any other
'Woman; for ſhe already began

'to

'to have Apprehenſions of my 'Lady *Conqueſt*, whoſe Way of 'Living was remote to thoſe of 'Country-Gentlewomen's; and 'therefore he was reſolv'd to 'think no more of her, tho' in-'finitely pleaſing to him; for his 'Fortune depended, in a great 'meaſure, upon his Wife's Mo-'ther. I came back with this 'doleful News to Lady *Conqueſt*. 'Go *tell him*, anſwer'd ſhe, *He 'who has pretended to love me, 'ſhou'd fear nothing more than not 'being belov'd; and that I com-'mand him to meet us at the ap-'pointed place.* I ran, like a 'Fool, to do her Meſſage, which 'I believ'd Raillery, becauſe ſhe 'ought to have been more cau-'tious of a Married Man's Love,

'if ſerious. *Sly* wanted but In-
'treaty: He conſented, and we
'met, but not to my Comfort;
'tho' the Expence was mine, he
'had the Profit: She was not ea-
'ſie unleſs he ſat nigh her; ſhe
'talk'd to him, ſtar'd at him, did
'every thing to ſhew ſhe was
'pleas'd; whilſt I, by a Notion
'of Pride, wou'd pretend no-
'thing, for fear I ſhou'd not have
'all: *For, Gad, Madam, I don't love being baulk'd thus.* 'Several
'times we met, but all as little to
'the purpoſe. Undoubtedly, ſhe
'ſaw I lov'd her, but wou'd not
'ſee, becauſe I was of Uſe in her
'Affair with *Sly*. The whole
'Town talk'd of our approach-
'ing Wedding, and I began to
'be Fool enough to reſolve on't

'through

'through *Sly*'s Perſuaſion, who 'continually extoll'd her Ho-'nour and Vertue, and tickl'd 'my Pride with the News of her 'Love; but that ſhe wanted a 'Declaration from me, before I 'cou'd expect a Confeſſion from 'her. I told him, I wou'd think 'on't; and ſo we parted.——— 'That Night (as Chance wou'd 'have it) I paſs'd along by the 'Houſe where ſhe liv'd, and I 'found the Gate open: I know 'not what Devil of Curioſity 'carry'd me in; and when in, to 'go to her Chamber: I did both 'unſeen, and conceal'd my ſelf 'behind the Bed, which I ſaw fit-'ted for Night. I reſolv'd to 'wait till ſhe ſhou'd be in Bed, 'and then to take Advantage of

'her Woman's Abſence, (who
'lay in the Antichamber) and
'there to declare my Love, and
'offer her Marriage. Long I
'had not waited, (*Though, Gad, Madam, I was very impatient, and thought every Minute Seven,*)
'when the charming Fair came
'from her Dreſſing-Room, with
'nothing on but her Night-
'Gown and Slippers, which were
'ſoon thrown off, and the God-
'deſs appear'd more beauteous
'than the naked Queen of Love.
'The happy Bed ſoon receiv'd
'her; and ſhe cry'd, *Haſte, and*
'*bring my Lover to me.* At theſe
'Words her Woman went into
'the Antichamber, and return'd
'ſoftly with *Sly*; who flew to
'her Arms, ſigh'd, kiſs'd, and

dy'd

'dy'd there.— *Imagine my Sur-*
'*prize!* 'Twas ſo great, I cou'd
'not in a long time ſhew my ſelf,
'to interrupt 'em: At length,
'ſeeing him undreſs for Bed,
'Gad, Madam, my Patience was
'quite expir'd; *Traytor*, ſaid I in
'ſhewing my ſelf, *Is it thus thou*
'*preſerveſt thy feign'd Duty to thy*
'*Wife?* I laid my Hand upon my
'Sword, and he did the like
'on his; and we had certainly
'drawn, had not the Amorous
'Fair thrown her ſelf out of Bed
'between us, and conjur'd us on
'her Knees to make no noiſe;
'elſe ſhe was loſt for ever. I
'rais'd her naked Beauties, and
'carry'd them whence they came,
'but complain'd at my hard For-
'tune, which had made me the

'Inſtrument of my own Ruin.
'She ſaw I was extreamly touch'd
'at it; and after her Shame and
'Surprize was a little over, *You*
'*have no Reaſon, Sir,* ſaid ſhe, *to*
'*complain of me: I cou'd have no*
'*Engagements with a Man who ne-*
'*ver pretended to love me. Tho'*
'*you have given me the Glory of*
'*refuſing you as a Husband (in the*
'*Eyes of the Town) it cou'd not*
'*but nettle me, to know there was*
'*nothing ſerious on your ſide, but*
'*done like a Gentleman, to ſe-*
'*cure my Reputation amongſt Ill-*
'*bred Fools, who know not the*
'*Charms of Converſation, and*
'*won't permit it (without Cenſure)*
'*to thoſe that do. But, Gad, Ma-*
'*dam,* anſwer'd I, *your Ladiſhip*
'*is not ſo dull, but to know I lov'd*
'*you:*

'you: All my Assiduities, Uneasi-
'ness, Sighs and Oaglings must
'have inform'd you. Our Sex dares
'hardly believe yours, she reply'd,
'when you take pains to speak:
'And sure 'twere an unpardonable
'Vanity to draw such Consequences
'without it. Those Circumstances
'you pretend, I have found common
'to all Gentlemen: Therefore must
'I conclude the whole World is in
'Love with me; and deny my self
'to those who tell me they are my
'Servants, for the vain Imagina-
'tion that another is silently so?
'Gad, Madam, answer'd I, I can't
'possibly forgive the Preference of a
'dull, silly, sober Married Man, to
'an Airy, Well-dress'd, Young, Amo-
'rous one. I'll be gone to London
'by Break of day, for fear I shou'd

 'not

'not conceal my Reſentments, and 'ſo injure your Ladyſhip irrepara-'bly: For, Gad, Madam, I muſt 'repeat again, you were to blame 'to ſlight all the Pains I took to 'breed you for nobler Game. This laſt, I confeſs, broke my Splenetick Silence, and I cou'd not hold laughing heartily; which amply paid my Squire for the Pains he had taken in his Relation. He concluded it with telling me his Journey to *London*, and ſhort Stay there, only to accouter, his Deſign of viſiting a Lady-Siſter, marry'd into *Devonſhire*: And clos'd with Lauds to his good Fortune, that had thrown him into a Coach with a Lady of my Charms and Senſe, to whom he had ſacrific'd the Relicks of La-

dy

dy *Conqueſt* the firſt Minute that he ſaw me. I anſwer'd him, That I found Experience had made him reſolve againſt loſing a ſecond Miſtreſs for want of ſpeaking.— He had Manners ſufficient (or rather Conſcience) to think he had given me enough of his *Beaux*-ſelf for one Day, and withdrew.

I cou'd not forbear, late as it was, ſending you an Account: If you laugh in your Turn, I am paid for my Pains, as well as the Squire. 'Tis now paſt Eleven, and they'll call us by Two: Good Night; I am going to try if I can drown in Sleep that which moſt ſenſibly affects me, the cruel Separation we have ſo lately ſuffer'd.

Hartley-Row,
Jun. 22. 1694.

Letter III.

DOn't you think I am more constant than your Friendship cou'd hope, or mine pretend to? I think it a great Proof of it, amidst the Fatigues of a West-Country Journey, to give you thus duly an Account of my insignificant self, and Travels. We parted from *Hartley-Row* at Three this Morning, through a Croud of Beggars, who watch your Coach for Alms; and will never leave it unbless'd. Hence my *Beaux* took Occasion of *Simile*; Bid me to observe how wakeful those Wretches were for small Charities; That he wou'd do the like, in hopes of greater;

And

And that my Divine Idea had ſo fill'd his Sight, he cou'd not reſolve to let Sleep intrude, for fear of ſhutting me out. I perceiv'd he took pains to be thought uneaſie, and I have more good Manners than to diſappoint him. Mrs. *Moyoreſs*, now ſhe is acquainted, has all the low, diſagreeble Familiarity of People of her Rank. She entertain'd us all the Morning with a ſorry Love-buſineſs about her Second Husband; Stuff ſo impertinent, I remember nothing of it. *Beaux* continues his Aſſiduities: I think none was ever ſo plagu'd with dying Eyes; his are continually in that poſture, and my Oppoſites, that I am forc'd to take a good deal of pains to

avoid

avoid 'em. The two other Fellow-Travellers were never ſo promoted before, and are much troubl'd. their Journey is to laſt no longer, and wiſh the four Days four Months. I hope every Jolt will ſquaſh their Guts, and give 'em enough on't: But they are Proof againſt any ſuch Diſaſters, and hugely delighted with what they are pleas'd to call Riding in State. After this ridiculous Account, you need not doubt but I am throughly mortify'd. — The Trouts are juſt brought upon the Table, which are the only good thing here; they look inviting, and won't ſtay for Cooling Complements. I hope Time will ſhew it none, to ſay,

SUTTON, Jan. 23. 1694.

I am unalterably yours.

LET-

LETTER IV.

I Can't give my ſelf any Reaſon why theſe Coach-men are ſuch unreaſonable Rogues: They make us riſe at Two in the Morning, to bring us into our Inn at the ſame Hour in the Afternoon. After we were repos'd a little, *Beaux* ſhin'd again, as yeſterday, and waited upon me to Evening-Prayers. I need ſay nothing to you of *Saliſbury*-Cathedral: If in a Foreign Country, as the Lady in her Letters of *Spain*, I cou'd entertain you with a noble Deſcription; but you have either ſeen, or may ſee it; and ſo I'll ſpare my Architecture. There are abundance

of

of pretty, innocent-look'd Women, genteel enough; but I have loſt my Heart to a handſom Church-man. I never thought before that Dreſs was tolerable; but ſo wore, it ſeems a mighty Ornament. He was plac'd behind me; but I turn'd my Devotion, and knel'd to him, imagining him no leſs than (as in Antique Days) ſome High Prieſt of the Sun. The Canon gave me Cauſe to think he had din'd too well, and was oblig'd to his Snuff, more than Religion, for keeping him awake.— Well, Devotion done, I was forc'd to break up mine, and leave him without a Knowledge of his Conqueſt. As we were walking to our Inn, I ask'd *Beaux* what

we

we shou'd do to pass the next day without being very weary of each other, for *Sunday* does not permit Travelling. He, you may be sure, did not fail to tell me, He cou'd never be weary of me, tho' (himself) expiring by my Sight and Cruelty. I wav'd his Complement, and told him my Design of engaging the People in the *Exeter*-Coach (if they seem'd worth it) to live with us for the time. When we return'd, we were told it was not yet come in, occasion'd by the breaking of the Axle-tree five Miles off; but that a Fellow was gone to mend it, and they were expected every Moment. My Chamber-Window answer'd the Court; I rose to it at the Noise

of

of the Coach, and presently saw alight a tall, blustring, big-bon'd raw Thing, like an over-grown School-Boy, but conceited above any thing. He had an Appurtenance, call'd a Wife, whom he suffer'd to get out as well as she cou'd; as long as he had layn with her, he did not think her worth the Civility of his Hand. She seem'd a Giant of a Woman, but very fine, with a right Citt Air. He bluster'd presently for the best Lodging, which he saw taken up by her that held the fine Fan before her Face: You may guess this was your humble Servant. The Chamberlain told him, 'Twas their Custom, First come, first serv'd; but that there were very

good

good Chambers beſides. The reſt of the Company were two Things that look'd pert and awkard; Tradeſ-men's Daughters I judg'd 'em. But methoughts, caſting my Eyes upon a Gentlewoman and her Servant, that came out laſt, I found ſomething pleas'd me; whether it were becauſe ſhe really deſerv'd it, or that the Stuff ſhe was with ſet her off. I had a Baſin of fine Heart-Cherries before me, juſt come from the Garden: I caus'd 'em to be brought after me, into the Gallery, and deſign'd 'em as a Bait to the Woman whom I was to begin the Acquaintance with; for *Beaux* deſign'd to ſet up to get a Fortune in *Devonſhire*, and was unwilling to ſhew

any Irregularity;——— and I thought my self above their Reflections. The first that appear'd was the Wife, with a Rising Belly: This seem'd a good Hint; I offer'd 'em to her, not knowing but she might long. The Sight, I suppose, did not displease her, for she readily accepted, and eat very greedily. The Gentlebok'd Lady had much to do to be persuaded. As for the other two, they were gone to chuse a Lodging. We presently grew acquainted, taking Travellers Liberty and Sup'd together. But, shall I tell you? The Wife grew jealous of me. It seems, her Temper was such. And her Husband (no small Man in his Country, tho' himself just set up in

Mer-

Merchandizing at *London*; his Father one of the Canons at *Exeter*;) thought he might carry all Hearts before him, as well as the Country-Lasses. They were come from visiting their Friends, and returning to their House in *London*. Mrs. *Stanhope*, for that was the Lady's Name that I lik'd, told me, I was not to count upon the Conquest, for he had given her *Douceurs* all the Way, and made her extream uneasie, because his Wife appear'd to be such. We grew into an Intimacy, and left the Company. My *Beaux* was to me faithless and inconstant. One of the awkard little Things I told you of, and who had a tollerable Face, was a Goldsmith's Daughter of *Exe-*

ter, and acquainted with his Lady-Sister; that began their Acquaintance. She seem'd free and fond: He took the Hint, and apply'd himself to her; which I was very glad of. Mrs. *Stanhope* went with me to my Chamber; and after much Discourse, offer'd Friendship, and mutual Knowledge of each other; she gave me this Account of her last Adventures.

'I came now from *Falmouth*, (*said she*) where I have been 'since the Beginning of the 'Spring, to visit a Brother and 'his Wife that lives there. 'Till 'within these Six Weeks I saw 'nothing that pleas'd me: At 'lost, 'twas a Captain of a Man

'of

'of War had the Chance; my
'Brother brought him to his
'Houſe: And for my Excuſe, I
'muſt tell you, he is a very pret-
'ty, genteel young Gentleman,
'of a good Family and Educa-
'tion, and in proſpect of com-
'ing to very good Fortune.
'They talk'd of the Town and
'Country-Beauties: At laſt, a
'young Creature was nam'd,
'whom I had not ſeen; but the
'Captain ſet her before every
'thing he had. I was concern'd
'at his Opinion, and ask'd him
'his of the Dutcheſs of *Grafton*?
'He gave her her due Praiſe;
'but yet, in his Eſteem, this ex-
'ceeded. I cou'd not but think
'him extreamly in the wrong;
'and was angry when I heard

'him wish himself a Man of
'mighty Fortune, to deserve her.
'He sail'd that Night; and af-
'ter Ten Days Cruise, came in
'again. His first Visit was to
'me. I ask'd him if he had seen
'his Mistress. He said, he had
'none. I remember'd him of
'what he had spoke. He an-
'swer'd, That I had taught him
'better. He continu'd his Ap-
'plications, visited me Three
'Times a Day: And because I
'was still jealous of his Words,
'I had him watch'd, and an Ac-
'count brought of all his Visits.
'The young Lady's Uncle made
'a Ball; but because my Brother
'and him were not well toge-
'ther, there was no Hopes of
'my being invited; which my

'Lover

'Lover very well knew, and
'therefore said, he wou'd not be
'there, having receiv'd Orders
'to Sail. He took his Leave
'with transporting Sorrow; and
'had the Glory to find mine
'was real. However, I wou'd
'not lose the Ball, because I de-
'sir'd to see my reputed Rival.
'I forgot to tell you, he had
'never seen her but once, when
'he prais'd her to that Degree;
'and dexterously told me a se-
'cond Sight had undeceiv'd him.
'I dress'd my self like a Farmer's
'Wife, with a Basket on my
'Arm; and, by the help of one
'of the Servants, was plac'd like a
'Country-Gazer, at a Corner of
'the Room. I needed not to be
'told my Rival, a Thousand daz-

'ling Charms diſtinguiſh'd her;
'and, though I look'd with jea-
'lous Eyes, muſt acknowledge,
'I never ſaw any Beauty more
'perfect. All my Hopes lay in
'a certain Softneſs, which did
'not promiſe much Wit. In a
'little time, my Traytor (whom
'I imagin'd in the wide Ocean)
'came to the Ball, danc'd with
'his Miſtreſs, and was as Aſſi-
'duous as ſhe deſerv'd. I was ſo
'well pleas'd at the Diſcovery, I
'ſtay'd not for any more, for
'fear I ſhou'd not 'ſcape my ſelf.
'About Midnight he came (for
'a Minute) to ſee me; and told
'me, he was juſt come Aſhore,
'the Ship under Sail; yet with-
'out another Sight, 'twas impoſ-
'ſible for him to depart. I con-

'founded

'founded him with telling him
'what had ſo lately paſs'd at the
'Ball: Yet he drew himſelf out
'of the Embarraſs, and ſaid every
'thing, to make me think he
'lov'd me; and we were ſeriouſ-
'ly treating upon the Affairs of
'Matrimony. I told him, he
'muſt get my Father's Conſent,
'who liv'd at *London*, where I
'was going. He beg'd me to
'defer my Journey till he came
'in; which I too readily pro-
'mis'd; and ſo we parted. I
'knew my Fortune fairer than
'my Rival's, and began to be
'perſuaded I had the better of
'her. For, What elſe cou'd
'draw him to addreſs me?
'When I ſaw him return, 'twas
'with mutual Joy: But he was

'order'd

'order'd that same Night to sail 'to *Plimouth*, and did not ex- 'pect to be back in a Week; 'therefore we agreed upon my 'Journey. He swore an invio- 'lable Love; and wou'd have 'contracted himself, if I durst 'without my Father's Consent: 'He intended to write to his 'Friends above, to ask it. And 'thus we once more parted, but 'not till he had severely ex- 'claim'd against any Designs up- 'on my Rival, before a whole 'Crew of Town-Gossips, that I 'was sure wou'd tell her. You 'may conclude, we agreed upon 'Writing. I took my Journey, 'and stay'd at an Aunt's House 'in *Exeter* Ten Days; where I 'heard, that within Four of my

'Depar-

'Departure, my Lover return'd;
'and in Three more was pub-
'lickly married to my Rival. I
'writ to thank him for ridding
'me of a Knaviſh Husband,
'wiſh'd him Joy, took Coach,
'and reſolv'd againſt too eaſily
'believing any Man again.

The Poſt has juſt brought me a Letter from you: I find you curſe me with the Continuation of *Egham*-Uneaſineſs, till I return to (the World in) *London*. Methinks 'tis unreaſonable to impoſe the continu'd Slavery of Writing: I aſſure you, I ſhall take Truce with it till at my Journey's End, unleſs ſomething happen worth our Notice. General *Talmaſh*'s Body was brought in

in here this Evening: His Secretary I am acquainted with, and have ſent to deſire the Favour of his Company to Morrow to Dinner; and if any thing in his Relation be Entertaining, you ſhall not fail of it from

Your Sincere

Saturday-*Night*, *from* Salisbury. *Faithful Servant.*

LETTER V.

THE Account of ſo great a Man's Death as Mr. *Talmaſh* (in the middle of all his Enterprizes, when Fortune ſeem'd to promiſe him much greener Lawrels than he had yet gather'd) has ſo added to my Melancholy,

lancholy, that I will not deſcribe his Misfortune to you, for fear it be contagious; but rather ſuffer you to expect the publick Account; for I am one of thoſe that eſteem you more, than to make you uneaſie; as I think none can be otherwiſe, that hears the Particulars of his Loſs. Something there was, extream touching.——

After this doleful Subject, methinks my *Beaux* may juſtly complain I have ſo long a time neglected his moſt ſingular ſelf. We parted this Morning from our *Sunday*-Acquaintance. Fop told me (when I gently reproach'd him for Inconſtancy,) *Gad, Madam, 'tis but to make my ſelf the newer to your Ladyſhip to Morrow.* I rather thought

thought 'twas to keep me ſuch to him. He has given me a Relation of his Succeſs with the Damſel. She treated him (in her Chamber) with *Roſa Solis*, and what he calls *Sucket*. The reſt he wou'd willingly have acquainted me with, but I recommended Diſcretion in Ladies Affairs; and he, almoſt burſting, is yet forc'd to be ſilent. How long he will keep ſuch, I do not know, for he has often offer'd at breaking his moſt painful Penance. We have paſs'd *Dorcheſter* and *Blandford* to Day, but nothing I found in either worth your notice. The Toils of the Body influence the Mind: I ſuppoſe, by my Dulneſs, you find I ſpeak woful Truths. We are

lodg'd

lodg'd at *Bridgport*, and very ill; but 'tis but for a Night. Here's just come into the Inn an Acquaintance of *Beaux*'s, who promises yielding Matter for to Morrow's Letter. This was infected in the Beginning by General *Talmash*; and the most uneasie Journey as dully concludes it.

Your ever Constant and

Bridgport, Jun. 25. 1694. *Obliged Servant.*

LETTER VI.

Beaux is now grown so insipid, that I shall say very little of him for the future; and I have Reason to believe my self such to him; for these two last Evenings,

ings, contrary to Cuſtom, he has not Re-dreſs'd: The Fatigue, which he ſeems more ſenſible of than any of us, has tarniſh'd the Luſtre of his Eyes; and, inſtead of any further Oagling, drowns all his Amorous Pretenſions in as profound Sleep as the uneaſie Jolting of the Coach will permit. This is what I can never be ſo happy to gain. But to tell you ſomething of our laſt Night's Entertainment: Whilſt Supper was getting ready, the Gentleman I told you of, at *Beaux*'s Intreaty, gave us an Account of what Affairs were carrying him to *London*: The ſhort of it is this.

'Your Ladyſhip, *ſaid he*, may 'ſoon perceive by my Accent

'that

'that I am a Foreigner. I had
'the Glory of following the
'Prince of *Orange*, (now our Au-
'ſpicious King) in his Expedition
'into *England*. We landed in
'the Weſt, with all thoſe Parti-
'culars, which are needleſs to re-
'peat. During our Stay at *Exe-*
'*ter*, I render'd my conſtant De-
'votion at the Cathedral; and
'in coming thence one Evening,
'an old Woman (with a Look
'as mean as a Beggar) preſented
'me a Letter; which, when I
'had open'd, I found from an
'Unknown, who ſtil'd himſelf
'my Friend, and gave me this
'Advice, That a Lady of good
'Country-Quality and Fortune,
'(and who was then in *Exeter*)
'was going to be diſpos'd of by

'her Mother, to a Man she no
'way affected: But that she had
'been heard to say, *If the hand-*
'*some* Switzer *were in his place, she*
'*shou'd obey without Reluctancy.*
'And concluded the Letter with
'giving me Advice, like a good
'Friend, to improve my grow-
'ing Fortune: For so consider-
'able an one as Twelve Thou-
'sand Pounds was not every
'Day thrown into a Soldier's
'Lap. I had forgot to tell your
'Ladyship the Letter was writ in
'French, and Directions of the
'Lady's Name and Lodgings.
'My Heart gave me a secret Pre-
'sage that the Matter wou'd not
'be lucky to me, which I fol-
'low'd, and therefore took no
'notice of the Letter. Three

'Days

'Days after, the ſame Old Wo-
'man brought me another much
'more preſſing: Upon which, I
'gave my ſelf blindly up to my
'Deſtiny. I viſited, and found
'the Lady, tho' not a Beauty,
'yet Genteel and Taking. 'Twas
'eaſie to gueſs by my Reception,
'that the Letters came from her.
'I'll omit the Diſcourſe we had,
'and only reſt upon Matter of
'Fact. She oblig'd me to leave
'my Command, and go with
'her to her Eſtate. Her Mother
'look'd upon me with an evil
'Eye; but my Miſtreſs was
'tranſportingly kind, and much
'concern'd that none of the Mi-
'niſters round durſt marry us,
'for fear of the Old Lady.
'Whereupon, we concluded I

'ſhou'd pretend to take my
'Leave, as deſigning for *Lon-*
'*don*; but inſtead of that, go
'directly into *Cornwall*, where ſhe
'had a conſiderable Eſtate, and
'wou'd meet me. The Matter
'happen'd as we had agreed;
'but for fear her Mother ſhou'd
'purſue us, ſhe conſented to take
'me for her Husband before the
'Parſon cou'd be got to make
'us ſuch. That happy Night I
'had all the Reaſon in the World
'to believe my ſelf agreeable to
'her; and all was confirm'd in
'the Morning, by the Prieſt.
'Thus careſs'd, and bleſs'd, we
'return'd to her Houſe. The
'Old Lady (who had no Com-
'mand of her Daughter's For-
'tune, and ſaw the Buſineſs be-
'yond

'yond Remedy) was with the
'first to make her Court to me,
'and wish me Joy. Three hap-
'py Months I had all the Satisfa-
'ction that innocent Marriage
'and excessive Love in a Bride
'cou'd give me. Then I began
'to consider a little my Affairs,
'and propos'd to my Wife my
'being Naturaliz'd, that I might
'look after hers. She swounded
'at the Name; and when she re-
'cover'd, she snatch'd a Bayonet
'of mine, and wounded her self
'under the Left Breast, but not
'much. I can't express my Sur-
'prize: We hush'd the Matter,
'for fear of her Mother; and I
'employ'd some of my Soldierly
'Skill to cure it, which had the
'Effect. I enquir'd into the Rea-

'ſon of this Extravagancy. She 'told me, The Diſcovery of In-'tereſt in me, when ſhe had be-'liev'd Love was the only Mo-'tive to our Marriage. Some 'Days paſs'd and as often as I 'offer'd at it, ſhe receiv'd ſuch 'mighty Diſguſt, that I reſolv'd 'to get it done without her No-'tice; for ſhe took me not as a 'Husband, but a Lover. 'Tis 'true, I was receiv'd as a Gueſt, 'but not a Maſter; and my Cir-'cumſtance (having left my 'Command) requir'd that. I 'got her Leave for my Journey: 'She ſhew'd ſuch extravagant 'Paſſion at our Separation, that 'I ſwore a ſpeedy Return; and 'reſolv'd to leave my Naturali-'zation depending, look after

'my

'my other Affairs, and return
'within a Fortnight to her: But
'before that time I had a dan-
'gerous Fit of Sickneſs in *Lon-*
'*don.* I writ often to her, and
'gave her an Account, that the
'Act was Paſs'd, and I cou'd
'now happily call my ſelf an
'Engliſh Husband. She only
'anſwer'd, *She knew how to in-*
'*terpret it; but ſhe was out in her*
'*Cunning, if I ſhou'd find an Eng-*
'*liſh Wife at my Service, who knew*
'*not the true Value and Uſe of one.*
'This Letter damp'd me; but
'truſting to the Greatneſs of that
'Power Love had given me in
'her Heart, I did not queſtion
'but my Preſence wou'd make
'all things eaſie. I took Poſt,
'my Impatience wou'd not ſtay

'the Coach, tho' the Remains
'of my Fever ſeem'd to expect it.
'I gave my ſelf no Reſt during
'the whole Journey. I ſent to
'give her notice of my Arrival:
'But what was my Surprize, to
'find all ſhut at home! I call'd
'under her Window, where I
'perceiv'd Light: 'Twas a heavy
'Night of Rain: I knock'd at the
'Gates, and ſtorm'd, but all to no
'purpoſe; I was glad to take up
'my Lodging in the Porch. At
'Six in the Morning an Under-
'Servant appear'd: I ask'd for
'her Lady. She told me, *She was*
'*gone none knew whither, and had*
'*convey'd away her Plate*, &c. *So*
'*that, if I pleas'd, an empty Houſe*
'*was at my Service.* I calmly
'bore all this, imagining it but
'a Trial;

'a Trial; ſought her round the
'Country, but in vain; ſhe of-
'ten ſhifted Places and went diſ-
'guis'd. Not long after, ſhe
'commenc'd a Proceſs againſt
'me, and by a Pretence, (which
'will for ever make her noto-
'rious) render'd me to the
'Court as Incapable. I was ſtill
'ſo tender of her Fame, as to
'ſuffer the Aſpertion. Common
'Law ſeparated us: She got the
'better, by my refuſing to vindi-
'cate my ſelf, and I Fifteen Hun-
'dred Pounds of her Fortune,
'and the Charges of the Court.
''Tis ſince laſt *Auguſt* that this
'has happen'd. I have vainly
'try'd to remove her implacable
'Averſion, or to learn the Cauſe
'of it: But I ſee my Endeavours

'are

'are all fruitleſs; and I am now 'going to leave *England*, I think 'for ever.

I complemented him upon his Misfortunes, and really, in my Opinion, he cou'd not be deſerving of them. *Gad, Madam,* ſpeaks *Beaux, See what unconſtant Things you Ladies are! I happen'd to be at this Gentleman's Houſe when he was firſt marry'd, and never ſaw any thing ſo fond of him as his Wife. Gad, I don't believe, whatever Woman I make happy, tho' her Eſteem be equal to my Merit, ſhe can poſſibly be fonder.*

I am now got ſafely, weary, into *Exeter*; and, I thank God, rid of the Impertinency of my Fellow-Travellers, *Beaux* excepted,

cepted, who will ſee me ſafe home, tho' diſtant from his. The Cathedral here is very fine; the Biſhop's Seat in it ſurpaſſes *Saliſbury*, tho' ſhort in every thing elſe. Forgive me for leaving you thus abruptly, ſince 'tis more pleaſingly to entertain my ſelf with a Letter of yours juſt brought to me.

I am

Moſt Conſtantly and

Sincerely yours.

EXETER, Jun. 26. 1694.

LETTER VII.

IF I have omitted anſwering your Three laſt, it proceeded from nothing but the Deſire of doing

doing ſomething new; and you know 'tis extreamly ſo in me, not eagerly to ſhew you all Teſtimonies of Friendſhip. My Solitude is much more pleaſing than I fancy'd it: As yet I am not weary of that happy Indifferency, which leaves me nothing either to hope or fear.

Thus empty, and thus Idle do I live;
Nor Lov'd, nor Loving, can nor take, nor give.

I have moſt Foppiſh Letters from *Beaux*, who parted with a World of ſeeming Regret; and yet I hear he is endeavouring at a Miſtreſs. I ſuppoſe I may bid his Impertinence Farewell for ever:

ever: I think I bad you hope (in one of mine) to hear no more of him; I know not how I am fallen upon the naufeous Repetition. *Themiſtocles* refus'd *Simonides*, when he wou'd have taught him the Art of Memory; pertinently ſaying, *He had more need of Forgetfulneſs than Memory. I remember what I wou'd not, but I cannot forget what I wou'd.* My Study has fallen upon Religion; I am ſearching into all ſorts: You ſhall not fail to hear what that Chance-Medley produces. I can now with cold Indifferency ſhake Hands with all Things beyond this Solitude. How long the extraordinary Humour may laſt, I can't inform you at preſent. I repeat with Stoical Pride,

Keep

Keep me, ye Bounteous Gods, my
Caves and Woods
In Peace: Let Tares and Acorns be
my Food.

POSTSCRIPT.

I Forgot to leave Orders with the *Jew* about the Chocolate: Pray, take care that it be ſent me, and excuſe this Trouble.

July 10. 1694. *Yours.*

☞ *There happen'd a long Intercouſe between theſe Letters; but Buſineſs unfit for the Publick keeps 'em at preſent conceal'd.*

LET-

LETTER VIII.

I Am ſorry I can't make good my Promiſe to ſo indearing a Friend as your ſelf. Looking over my Papers, I find but one of Colonel *Pack*'s Letters in Imitation of the *Portugal*-Nuns: I certainly had Three, which he ſent to me for my Opinion; but Two are loſt, which I very much regret; and the more, becauſe I know not where he is, to repair it. I wou'd hear how you approve his Stile. I think Imitation the hardeſt Part of Writing: It confines a Free-born Genius, which naturally loves Untrod Wilds; at leaſt, if I may gueſs at anothers by my own. And

now

now I am ſpeaking of that, let me tell you, all thoſe Romantick Ideas of Retirements, which view'd at a diſtance, gives a raviſhing Proſpect, now I am Wedded, Bedded too, prove the worſt ſort of Matrimony; but 'tis only to ſuch a particular Friend as your ſelf, that I dare complain; to the remoter Sort I aſſume a Stoical Appetite and Air:—— Tell them, the World, with all its gaudy Pleaſures, are but rich Deluſions, which at once corrupts our Senſes, and our Fame: That the little Spot of Earth I have choſe to fix my Face in, has more ſolid Entertainments, more real Innate Delights, than the Glories of *Kenſington*: Then ſigh, and ſeem to

pity

pity the more Elevated Part of the World, that can bury themſelves in Noiſe and Crowd.— But, let me tell you, there's no real Satisfaction without Converſation. I have had ſo much of the Dead ſince I ſettled here, and (as I may ſay) nothing of the Living, for I find none deſerves the Name, that I wiſh for the Conjuring Art; and wou'd rather converſe with the Ghoſts of the Departed, than always with their Books, or with my ſelf.— But I forget I detain you from better Company; I mean, the Incloſed. Write to me ſtill, but nothing of News; I mean to hear none, till I ſee *London* again; and when that will be, I have not the Pleaſure

ſo much as to imagine: 'Twill be new (to lie forgotten, and forgetting, and, as it were, be born with Underſtanding) to all the Vanities and Vertues (if any) of that *Hydra*.

I am, SIR,

With great Eſteem,

March 15. 1695. *Your Moſt, &c.*

A Second Letter from a ſuppoſed Nun in Portugal, *to a Gentleman in* France, *in Imitation of the Five Letters in Print, by Colonel* Pack.

O My fled Heart, and he that ſo unjuſtly keeps it from

from me! Was not your barbarous Reſolution ſufficient, that I ſhou'd never poſſeſs yours; but you muſt add the Uſe of all your beſt Art to keep me from my own? In what Diſorder do I ſpeak and write, for want of a poor tender Heart? That's gone a Pilgrimage to Love, and (the unkind Heavens not hearing its Prayer) has, through Diſtraction, loſt its Way, and never will return again. Fire ſets on Fire: Why then does not my Flame make you burn? 'Tis a falſe Maxim: Extremity of Cold ſcorches you. Had I at firſt put on a Behaviour more cool and remote to your pretended Affection, and treated you with Unkindneſs, how many Vows

and Vows wou'd you have offer'd at Love's Altar? With what Ardency wou'd you have continu'd your Proteſtations? Who wou'd have thought that a Fire (at firſt) ſo well kindled as yours, ſhou'd need Fanning with an infectious Blaſt, to preſerve its Heat? Or that the wholſome Sun ſhou'd put it out! But that, Alas! was my Misfortune: My Burning was the greater, and drew yours away.— How can I then with any Confidence blame you for what I my ſelf was truly and principally the Occaſion of? You too eaſily perceiv'd how earneſtly I was wont to watch your Eyes, that they look'd not on others; as if mine took it unkindly they were

were not gazed on altogether. How perverſe are our Fates! Why elſe was it not contriv'd that you might be as happy in me, as 'twas poſſible for me to be in you? Say what you will, you was to blame. What Care you took to aſſault my Affections, was ſufficiently diſcoverable in the conſtant Ardour and Formality of your Approaches; contriving to appear at all Times as Engaging as poſſible. Your Conqueſt was not ſo great: You cou'd not well have met with a Heart leſs fortified for a Defence: Ye Gods! that I ſhou'd yield upon your very firſt Summons; and ſo diſhonourably, that I was not allow'd Flying Colours! Nay, what's yet more;

That I shou'd bear so mean, low, and contemptible a Spirit, as to take infinitely more Delight in my own Vassalage and Captivity, than in the most flourishing Tranquillity! What do I thus rave upon? What wou'd I have? If I am happy in my Condition, why do I not rest, and retain my Senses, like others of my Sex? But that still (and, I fear, ever) I have the same sad Tune to sing:

'My Conqueror (whom 'I ador'd for being so) is 'gone; and my Cloyster is 'now as much a Prison to me, 'as 'twas Heaven, and Liber-'ty, and all things, when I 'had him there. 'Twas an un-'worthy Thing to steal my

'better

'better Part, my Soul, a-
'way; and not think this
'little Frame, its old Com-
'panion, worth taking with
'you. But what you had got,
'you thought, was of light
'Carriage, needed little Stow-
'age, paid no Freight, and (I
'dare ſtake my Life) was the
'All ever you intended to have
'of me: And to be ſo ſerv'd,
'is (it ſeems) the All I am ever
'likely to expect from you.
'How groſly did I flatter my
'ſelf, and abuſe you, whenever
'I imagin'd you wou'd be kind
'and true to me! You that are
'ſo cruel, that cou'd you re-
'duce any other Woman in-
'to my ill Circumſtances, if
'there was a Third in the

'World, you wou'd certainly 'leave the former, and there 'feign freſh Adorations. If there 'was not, yet purely to gratifie 'your Inhumanity to her, e-'ven I, now ſlighted and neg-'lected, ſhou'd then have your 'Company; for you cou'd not 'brook being put by a Plea-'ſure of that kind, tho' it coſt 'you the Trouble of going to 'one who lov'd you more than 'the World.——

How very odd (and as tho' you were writing to ſome pub-lick Place of Intelligence) was that Diſcourſe of yours, in your laſt Letter, concerning the great Lightning and Thunder which you ſay happen'd in your Parts! Alſo you deſire to know what

Weather

Weather we have had here. Is this fit to ſtuff in a Love-Letter? Truly, it might have thunder'd, lighten'd and rain'd, or it might have been very pleaſant, delightful Weather, for ought I know; for I am not capable of making any Remarks of that kind: But this I can inform you, being too ſure of the Truth of it, that it has been very ſtormy Weather in my Eyes ever ſince your Departure; and until you return (the only Sun, whoſe Influence can diſperſe theſe Clouds) I fear 'twill ever be tempeſtuous. This Account (it may be) pleaſes you more than if I had ſent you Word the ill weather had reach'd our Country, demoliſh'd our Monaſtery, ſet me at Liberty, and I was in purſuit

purſuit of you. Then, then how I wou'd glut my Revenge by the Incurſions of my Love! For it ſhould haunt you in all Places and Countries. And ſince it wore ſo much the Viſage of an Evil Spirit in your Conceit here, as to make you quit the Place, I wou'd try whether Change of Air wou'd alter its Complection and Features, ſo as to force you into a better Opinion of it, and be throughly reveng'd on you that Way: For, to love, I find, is the Unhappineſs you wou'd avoid, above all other Things: But your Appetite and Taſte is as much deprav'd, as my Project is vain and impracticable: I find the Sowr of *France* gratifies your Palate above the Sweets of *Portugal*; and a *French* Lady (with her

her distant Regards to your Address, and (at last) counterfeit artificial Acceptance shall engage you much more than the Loyalty, Integrity, Truth and Freedom of my unlimited Passion. Will not the World swear we are both mad: You for preferring a Counterfeit, (because it glisters) before the true Metal it self, which is known to every Child, by its Weight: I for my Fidelity to so much Ingratitude. But let the World blame us as it pleases, I am resolv'd to be as true to you, as you to your unnatural Inconstancy.— To what a Degree of Bliss shou'd I be advanc'd, if I cou'd find you complaining of the Remisness of my Love, and admiring how intense was your-

own: And I ſhou'd be but too happy, if that Fault was not found on your ſide, as (Alas!) to all the World too viſibly it is; And the ſame Conceptions you make of an Immenſity will but juſt ſerve you to fathom my Zeal, which (altho' cheriſh'd and prun'd after the moſt careful manner) is productive of nothing but the moſt bitter, ſowr and unpleaſant Fruits imaginable.—Your unkind Dealings and Actions to me are the Fruits of my extraordinary Paſſion. What Soul cou'd imagine ſuch diſſonant Notes ſhou'd ſpring up, to interrupt the Harmony of my Affection? In what had you been the worſe, if my extream Kindneſs you had retaliated with but a little of yours; and altho'

more

more than a little be my due, yet with the leaſt Grain I cou'd have wrought my own Contentment: But you are ſo unjuſt to deny all, and leave me to the haraſſing of a miſerable Deſpair; one Hour's Torment of which I wou'd not wiſh you ſhou'd endure, Ages to come, to be ſet free my ſelf; and yet no otherwiſe fond of my Condition, but as it is a Gift of yours, and which (for any thing leſs than your Love) I will never part with. Barbarous, Barbarous! to deny me that, which you take more pains to throw away upon another, than I can do to obtain it. You ſhall not uſe me thus; indeed, you muſt not: 'Tis I ſay it, but you regard not that, ſo inſenſible you

are of my Condition; which, tho' never ſo unfortunate as to my own particular, yet is aggravated with Cares for your Welfare, who are the ſole Cauſe of my Unhappineſs. How you will reliſh this Letter I know not, I fear you will think there are too many Invectives againſt your Tyranny; in which I will agree with you my ſelf, and ask your Forgiveneſs: But, alas! they are as gentle as I cou'd poſſibly perſuade my Pen to drop; for, ſince you take ſo much pleaſure in a hard Heart, I wou'd not for the World any ways croſs you, by making you leſs obdurate; ſo tenderly I value your Satisfaction, and ſo little (for your ſake) my own. But, Oh! the

infinite

infinite Pleaſures you wou'd find in Love, if you thought them worth the looking after! Love (as it is, or is not mutual) is the trueſt Epitome of the Supernatural States: If mutual, the Joys are laſting, and never cloy; if not, the Torments are intolerable, yet muſt be endur'd. Oh, that any thing I cou'd ſay might diſſolve you to a Senſe of my miſerable Life; or, indeed, rather your own! And yet, if it cou'd, in the leaſt, enter into my Thoughts that you are altogether at Repoſe, I aſſure you, I wou'd never interrupt you; no Noiſe of my Afflictions ſhou'd ever be your Diſturbance: But I am very much miſtaken if you are altogether without Remorſe

for

for the Sufferings you have brought upon me. I remember, you once was flexible, and of a compaſſionate Nature, and your Behaviour very like a Gentleman; whatever has miſ-guided you to the Abuſe of my Favours, which (if I have Knowledge of my Heart) were (at firſt) much more for your ſake, than my own, you were the Aggreſſor, and not I; and whatever Kindneſs I ſhew'd you, was more to make me happy, than your ſelf; that by Charity to a Serpent, I at laſt was ſtung. 'Tis ſaid, that venomous Creatures have a Balſamick Quality in themſelves, to cure the Wounds they make: But you (more unnatural than all the reſt)

have

have none; at least, most cruelly with-hold it from me. O Heaven! That I had but Power to contain my self! That I had but Temper to be a little calm! But 'tis a Condition I have long since abandon'd, and (till I see you again) will never re-assume. In the Rage I am in, I cou'd think you as many unkindnesses, as, by and by, the Fury of Love wou'd find a Task to unravel; for if one Half Hour I blame you, in the next I call it Injustice. So careful I am that no ill Thought of you appear deserving, that were you worse than you are, my Pleasure wou'd consist in being flatter'd that you are better than I think you: Nay, Sometimes I persuade my self that you

are a Man of the greateſt Juſtice in the World; and that 'tis not even in your Nature (wilfully) to do an unequal Thing. But 'tis moſt certain, I am doom'd to a fruitleſs Love, without the leaſt Poſſibility of a Deliverance. Indeed, formerly I had a faint Proſpect (as I thoght) of being in ſome meaſure reſtor'd; but I look'd through falſe Glaſſes, that preſented me with a wrong Object; and ſince that, I have done the great Work of learning to be well ſatisfied with my intolerable Condition. Did my Love run parallel with what is commonly found in the World, it wou'd not be ſo deſperate.—Happy they, who (in a Pett, or upon ſome ſmall Diſguſt) can

recede

recede from their Paſſions, and ſet up for new ones elſewhere; and whatever they pretend, Self-is the greateſt Thing. This is the Way of Amouring moſt in Faſhion: This is that Impoſture that prevails upon ſo many tender Hearts: And in Caſes of Denial, very artificially can uſurp Languiſhing Eyes, want no expreſſive paſſionate Inſinuations, counterfeit Melancholy and Diſtraction; and all to ſerve ſome baſe by-End. If this had been the Quality of my Love, the Vengeance you aſſign me had then been merited. I verily believe, if it had had but the leaſt Tincture of Treachery, I ſhou'd have won your Heart, ſhou'd have made you jealous: And that Temper

would have been very inconſiſtent with your Reſolutions to make a thorough Conqueſt: Nothing leſs than which (to a Man of Prowels like you) cou'd have been a real Pleaſure. Yes, yes; 'tis very plain, If my Paſſion had been forg'd, and bore a falſe Accent, it wou'd certainly much better have agreed with yours, as being much nearer related; but the fatal Conſequence (of a true Fervency, return'd with fair Aſſurances, and foul Actions) none knows, but the wretched, ſolitary I. Upon the whole, I think verily I love you becauſe you make me miſerable. If that be true, go on, be ſignaliz'd to the World for your Unkindneſs, that the more I may

be

be ſo, for my unaccountable Affection. That I love you, Heaven knows; you know, elſe I ſhou'd ſee you here again cringing out the feign'd Allegations of your Sincerity, tho' much more diſtant than we are. Oh, that we were to begin again! What Courſe wou'd I then take! I fear, e'en fool my ſelf, as I have done; for, ſince I know no greater Pleaſure than the Love of you, I ſhou'd too willingly run the Risk of any Diſadvantage that cou'd happen by it. I die a Thouſand Deaths every Hour, and ſtill revive, to die them o'er again: Adieu. What cou'd not I endure for your ſake! I have at this Moment ſo lively an *Idea* of you, that I almoſt fancy you here in Perſon

Perſon. Methinks, how very kind you are! How affectionately you condole me for the Torments I have ſuffer'd in your Abſence; and how thankful I am to you for them! How you preſs my Hand, and ſwear you will never part with me! And, Ah, *Monſieur!* How I believe you, for being hitherto ſo faithful!—— Once more, Adieu. I think I never writ to you in my Life, but their Length made 'em ſtay'd for. The Poſt (at my Requeſt) has waited a great while, and I am now ſent to; I wonder, elſe, when I ſhou'd give off. You may judge a little of my Condition, when you ſee even hurrying Poſt-haſte it ſelf can admit of a Delay, to pleaſe

me.

me. The Actions of all People that ſee me, are deſignedly kind, and of a Deſire to divert me. One takes me by the Hand, begging of me to be chearful, and leave my unprofitable Thinking; ſhewing me good Reaſon for it: But, Alas! I find Reaſon and Love two very ſeparate Things, not at all influencing each other. To Day a Siſter brought me Variety of the beſt Fruits; of which, nothing but a piece of a Pomgranate cou'd I be perſuafuaded to eat. 'Tis poſſible, I might thank her, but am not ſure I had ſo much Manners: Every Body excuſes my Ill Breeding, but much wonder at my Alteration. The Rigour and Severity of our Religion can diſpence

dispence with many great Faults in me, that it will not allow in others. What shall I do? Well, I have only one thing more (besides a Thousand) to say to you; which is, That if you can have regard for any one Sentence in this Letter, it may be too the last, *I implore you to let me see you in* Portugal *before I die.* Adieu, Adieu.

MUSEUM BRITANNICUM

FINIS.